

## The Key

by quill via sue *Sunday, Feb 16 2014, 9:41am*

international / poetry / post

black vinyl  
turning its magic  
unlocks the past  
like a time machine

present reality defers  
to the undulating  
furrowed valleys  
of sound  
each peak and trough  
presents another person  
from the past  
and releases the exact same emotion,  
time now a captive of memory

living or dead is irrelevant  
a passing parade of notables  
and un-notables in my life,  
i have become a sorcerer  
bewitching myself  
in a field of real dreams  
transported by sound

corporeal sound  
able to materialise  
long-forgotten  
events, persons  
and lost ideas

like the resurrections in  
a Lem novel (Solaris)  
i have learned to reconcile  
myself to my past  
but do not take my word for it  
my studio is now a throng of visitors,  
familiar faces  
ask any one of them who they are  
and you will receive your answer,  
the medium of this reality

music organises  
the collected impressions

of my past  
into a hijacked present  
but no less real than  
immediate life

the entire company  
seems to deliver in unison  
one message

i finally realise  
i have lived  
only for love

<http://ozpoetry.hopto.org/poetry/poem-473.html>

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1007.html>